Hibernicus—, pseud.

The Satirist Satirized, &c.

LETTER THE FIRST.

"My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
Already have our quarrels filled the world
With *Widows* and with *Orphans*."

To the Public.

AT this singular crisis, when distance and boundary excite to separate interests, in countries even united under the same legislature, when short-sighted policy checks the eye of the statesman in surveying the broad prospect of his duty, and partial more than general good becomes the mark he aims at; an enlightened people, critically situated, will cast a watchful eye at every party. Hypocricy in any shape is detestable, because its views are not confined to the assumption of favourable appearance: it seizes every advantage, which disguise procures it to over-reach the unsuspecting, and when a party, to be kenned only through the medium of literary effusions, *pretend* to labour for

the public good, under *the character of natives*, the *affectation* of patriotism, and every other virtue, which the extensive title of *censor* includes, they should be unmasked. The Satirist, in the sale of which the nominal proprietor offers more paper and print to every purchaser than *he alone* could possibly afford, has *even already* betrayed the *serpens in gramine*. Our musical and literary authors, both dead and living, our societies, institutions, and even our universities, genius, learning, virtue, whatever reflects credit, the good, the bad, and in short every thing *Irish*, lie prostrate in *undistinguished heaps* beneath the crush of ridicule. It seems to me, that the only way my countrymen can compromise with the *real* proprietors of this work is to resolve, to send their children, in future, to English universities, to let our own and every Irish institution dwindle into insignificance, to despise our men of learning and their literary labours, to suppress our public diversions, *even the innocent recreation of walking in the Mall*, that our people of fortune, finding no public amusements in this country, may prefer a residence in England: in short to relapse into ignorance, despise ourselves, and think nothing good that is not exotic. Players, musicians, schoolmasters, and tutors, all must be imported from England, and to swell the balance of trade yet more against us, we must waft all our libraries, nay the very news-papers, and magazines from thence, but have none to export in return.

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How the proprietors of the Satirist could dare to expect the countenance of Irish Readers, after offering so impertinent a production to their notice, seems somewhat strange. Either their vanity must have rendered their judgment quiescent, or they must have *early imbibed a most prejudiced opinion* of *Irish* discernment.

In these critical times the public will see, at once, my motive for concealing my name, though engaged in so fair a cause. Even the sale of this work adds not a penny to my purse.

Had the enemies I anticipate been equally disinterested in the production of the Satirist, their magazine would have ornamented, not vilified Irish virtue and merit. Yet even to *Amor Patriæ* I lay no claim, if I do not in the following epistle, addressed to the Authors of the Satirist, substantiate my charges against them, by scrutinizing their work with an impartiality, very opposite to the *anticipated* opinion they have passed on Sir J. B——'s history of the Union, which, *they acknowledged*, they had not yet perused—O Tempora! O Mores!

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your very humble servant,

HIBERNICUS.

P 58819

LETTER THE SECOND.

To the Writers of the Satirist.

"Est modus in rebus."

GENTLEMEN,

After a perusal of your Magazine, I have no hesitation in addressing you as a *Junto*, who cloaked by the name of an honest unsuspecting bookseller, have, *for political purposes*, planned and given birth to the Satirist. Whether ye are actuated by such principles, or your motives be so pure as to warrant you to assume the *extensive and honourable title of Censors*, let that candid investigation I am now to make, be the touchstone of decision.

In all countries far advanced in population and refinement, a work of that tendency expressed in the title page of the Satirist, is most undoubtedly requisite, and on perusing this

and the address, I conceived indeed very pleasing expectations, though I must say, were I infected with superstitious notions, when I afterwards beheld the frontispiece, containing a monster, human downwards to the knee, supported by one leg and foot of brutal shape and dimension, (disgusting sight) I would have formed some very unfavourable judgment * * * * *

However, my surprise *at least* was soon excited, when the subject *first* presented to my eager eye was " A sketch of the Irish Metropolis." Pray, gentlemen, by what *far-fetched* rule of propriety is a sketch of Dublin adapted to a work of that nature, But by acknowledging our errors, we take the best step to obtain forgiveness, and I allow, gentlemen, ye seem to be fully aware of this prudent maxim; for after the author of this useless piece of scanty imagery has exercised his descriptive talent to the extent he chose, he assures us, *(doubtless with the consent of his colleagues,)* " The investigation of the Dublin Satirist is more properly directed to men and manners.—This I suppose was meant as a sample of that dignified consistency, which as censorean writers ye are resolved to maintain. However, through all this strain of *consistency*, ye do not seem to have been as regardless of interest, as becometh *censorean writers.*

The convenience of the streets and the grandeur of the public buildings form the *pars Major* or the burden of this rhapsody: and at the conclusion the writer seizes a fresh opportunity to impress the reader with these circumstances, by converting the figure of repetition to a *most charming account*, wherein with one stroke of his *able pen* he presents a view of all the objects, he had separately pourtrayed *in beautiful confusion.—So elegant, so lofty a poeticoprosaic composition*, (I scarcely know what term to apply) must *bias the feelings of Irish readers*, and teach them to harmonize with the *censorean writer* in gratitude to all the jobbers, commissioners of wide streets, &c. who have executed all these advantages at the public expense. Was no room here, Gentlemen, for a short satirical digression, or for preserving *in some degree* the character of your work, or your characters as *censorean writers?*—Where, gentlemen, fled your dignified purity? and yet in the writers survey of Sackville-street, which immediately succeeds, he did not forget to lead the ladies and gentlemen with the *polite epithets* of gaudy coquettes, demireps, and coxcombs. And what pray are their crimes? They are guilty, indeed, of walking for health and amusement, in Sackville-street. Permit me to observe, that such a scene is too harmless for such *sublime strokes* of satire, or too much below the notice of *censorean writers.*

The shops then become the object of the writers notice, and with all the *gravity imaginable,* he tells us, " they glitter with the richest productions of art." I wish our shops were a tenth part as profusely, or elegantly supplied as those of London. Well! The owners are very rich, and they pay " the scavengers enormous wages," and " the Members of the Paving-Board are tolerably attentive in their duty to the opulent residents of the squares and fashionable streets, yet the indigent may if they will continue to complain."—*Most rare intelligence! Sublime strokes* of Satire! I cannot but suppose this tender castigation of the Paving-Board, so like a lady beating her forward lover with a fan, is meant to support the character of the Satirist, and yours, as *censorean writers.* But I fancy, *it would clash too much with your interest* to apply the whip of reproof more severely to those, who are *connected with power.*

The next objects introduced to our notice are the custom-house and courts of law; and with the *same gravity,* with which the writer has announced his former *novelties,* he consoles the poor unhappy beings who have been ruined by litigation, with the unavailing idea, " that the scene of their misfortune is a temple equal in magnitude, and elegance to any ever erected to Astrea." What dignity of sentiment! Per-

mit me, gentlemen, to turn to the reader, and ask him, whether the grave censor, sporting with the feelings of the afflicted, deserves indignation, or does the writer aping to " shoot folly as it flies," merrit ridicule and contempt. We are next told, " the beauties of the architecture of the custom-house are *exhibited for the gratification of the public.*" I should be glad to know who conduct this exhibition, or whether the word " exhibited" is as great a blunder as the disposition of the whole sentence, or of equal inconsistency with this; " a repetition of the first commemoration of Carolan," which you are pleased to characterise *an Irish blunder*, in your *very patriotic satire on the scene displayed on the same occasion.* Enlarging on the custom-house, also, the writer, with his *usual gravity*, consoles the merchant by telling him, " however reluctantly he pays his imposts, he may, by inspecting the symmetry of the building, improve his taste for the fine arts." I do assure you, gentlemen, the merchants would much rather be allowed to improve their stock and knowledge in trade.

The same share of praise is then bestowed on the national Bank. But here again the writer gives us an instance of the tenderness, with which he lays the whip of satire on the *money changers, and those* who " compelled the public to deposit their gold in the Bank, and take

stamp paper in exchange," which he seriously says, "*was embellished with elegant engravings.* With respect to the exchange, I see no cause whatever for that *little playfully satirical* word "compelled," which the author introduces with a visible design (poor attempt) to preserve the character of the work, and I might add, to save the *appearance of party.* In this anti commercial æra, our exchange of English coin for our Bank money of every description, and the liberty which the Bank has received to coin and circulate the present currency of this kingdom, has materially served us. Had it been otherwise, the ballance of trade so much in favour of England, and the emigrations from this country to London, would, by this time, have left us in deplorable want of a circulating medium But the conversion of the parliament house into a national Bank, afforded *so obvious an opportunity* for digressing a little into more *dignified satire*, that I cannot avoid suspecting you gentlemen for possessing as much venality, as ye are pleased to bestow *so very profusely* upon the editors of all the news-papers, and magazines of Dublin; undoubtedly, ye thus make a very *judicious* effort to induce the public to look up to your monthly production, as an *unerring standard* of deciding on all subjects, which properly fall under the notice of daily, weekly, or any other periodical publications.

But in order to illustrate still more the purity of your hearts, gentlemen censors, permit me to quote a little more of your *invaluable* production. "It is difficult to please every body, when the people of Dublin were gladdened with the presence of their parliament, they were *continually murmuring* at one or other of their legislators; *to prevent which*, John Bull very good-naturedly invited them to London, and took them into his holy keeping." The epithet, "John Bull," and the words, "took them into his holy keeping," are pretty little satirical sprinkles. But the writer says, "it is difficult to please *every body*." He means, to be sure, that many were not displeased with the union; and among that number I shall not hesitate, gentlemen, to place even the Irish censors, though the consequences of the union so loudly proclaim its disadvantages to this country.

Read, gentlemen, the following quotations, and blush at your own shallowness, your own incapability of judging the effects of such language. "What is the consequence?" The people are more dissatisfied than ever, and would willingly compromise the matter by receiving both lords and commons, *with all their imperfections on their heads.* In this respect, many of our politicians resemble the soldier flogged by an Irish drummer. The delinquent, during his castigation cried, "strike high."

The drummer, who was a good-natured fellow, and acted accordingly; but the sufferer still continuing to complain, the iritated operator exclaimed, "by the * * * * there is no pleasing you at all." The political design of the foregoing sentences is so wretchedly covered, and so obvious to the reader, that I should be equally as dull and void of judgment as the writer, if I should enter into an explanation of it. But I must remark, that ye will find very few on this side of the water to support you in drawing a comparison between John Bull and the good-natured drummer, or assimilating Ireland and the very unreasonable delinquent.

The writer then proceeds to the castle, and still carrying with him his satirical *farce*, assures us with his *usual gravity*, that "it is neither remarkable for its magnificence, or the civic virtues of its inhabitants," most rare intelligence! Sublime satire! But he tells us immediately after, that "he, and his brother censors will often have occasion to illustrate the actions of its most conspicuous residents and visitors." I hope, gentlemen, that, *regardless of party or interest*, ye will fulfill your promise with *becoming dignity and punctilio.*

The writer, then, attracts our attention to the architectural elegance of the exchange, and trinity-college. But here again he developes

the patriotic purity of *our new censors:* for he proclaims aloud to the gentry of this kingdom, already too much addicted to sending their sons to *English* universities, that " the beauty of its exterior is more celebrated, than the *erudition and genius* of its inhabitants :" and to enforce his assertion, he observes, that " very few literary productions have emanated from this *luminary of science,*" and then proceeds to ridicule the fellows, whose sober conduct entitles them to more respectful usage, *especially from a censor.*

Any man, who knows the extent of education, which may be acquired in trinity-college, and the mental labours, which those, who obtained a fellowship, must have previously undergone, cannot but smile at this shallow attempt to diminish the college in the public esteem, even though the writer, to mask his design, gives a humourous yet gentle dash of satirical rhime at Oxford and Cambridge universities. There are more colleges in England, than these, and *such playful* satire can do no mischief. Indeed, gentlemen, your whole production seems to be calculated to discourage literary knowledge, and brow-beat the efforts of genius in this kingdom, as I shall shew hereafter.

The writer, then, flourishing the figure of repetition, as I already noticed, concludes the

scenery with a remark, that Essex-bridge appears in beautiful *simplicity*. Though my admiration of Essex-bridge is by no means inferior to that of the writer, yet I fancy the ornamental labours of the architect form its more prominent beauties and require another yet not less advantageous title, than the writer bestows upon it. But so lofty a genius, so noble a censor views objects in no common light.

The Writer then, after confessing his error in launching out into a subject, as incongruous with the title-page of the work, as the upper and lower parts of the monster in the Frontispiece are with each other, dubs himself, and you, gentlemen, with the title of censors, explains the duty of his self-assumed office, and declares himself "impressed with the importance of the task." If such behaviour as this does not resemble the commencement of Don Quixotte's career, I am much deceived. Indeed the latter seems to have possessed more refined sentiments, than his learned imitators; for he went forth only to oppose caitiffs of the masculine kind, but ye proclaim, that the first objects of your attack shall be caitiffs of the feminine, and I have no doubt, *from the many specimens you have given of your politeness*, that *when your interest does not clash with your warfare, ye will not pat the ladies in a playful manner*, but lash them with the rudest stripes.

After a review of this *judicious* sketch of Dublin, permit me, gentlemen, to conclude my second letter with a latin phrase, which you yourselves have borrowed, to express more emphatically the satirical sentence you have passed upon the debates of the Hibernian Lyceum Society and which I again have taken the liberty to borrow from you.

" Parturiunt Mentes, nascitur ridiculus mus."

Your humble servant,

HIBERNICUS.

LETTER THE THIRD.

To the Writers of the Satirist.

" Sic transit gloria mundi,"

GENTLEMEN,

With a hope, that the mist of vanity, which obscured your judgment and disqualified you for seeing your own incapability for the dignified office ye unhappily assumed, a vanity,

also, which renders the mind impatient of any statements it does not relish, I take the liberty of addressing you once more. A cool state of mind, circumstanced as ye are, can only enable you to determine, whether my correspondence is conducted with justice. Indeed, gentlemen, without *usurping the title of censor*, I mean, to my utmost, to support the respect of a critic, and not copy after those *narrow-minded* beings, who love to winnow contempt on their fellow-creatures of every kingdom *but their own.* Yes, gentlemen, I am bold to say, that phenomenon of literary merit, the satirist, is not the *miscarriage of Irish wit and discernment.* I must likewise say though my countrymen may be treated by *strangers in secret committee, who perhaps are maintaining themselves on the fat of Irish industry,* with an air of the most *ill-natured* contempt, founded on the laughable idea of self-superiority, yet are they too considerate of a strangers condition, too much alive to the feelings of hospitality and politeness, too refined and liberal of sentiment, to eye the latter with *gloomy suspicions,* and treat him in a similar manner; nor can the heavy-clouded winter, damp our *natural vivacity,* which, in this season, preserves our intellects *from the derangement of melancholy, and its suicidal consequences:* nor do the moderate appetites of the Irish dispose them daily to such *repeated acts of voracity,* as to render them pro-

verbial, nor their addiction to gallantry ever teach them to place their wishes, *with filthy depravity, on unnatural objects.* Indeed, gentlemen, I could speak much more of *unbecoming* qualities, which happily we do not possess; and were the English ladies to be asked their opinion of the Irish gentlemen, I think from the preference they are so apt to give them, they would speak in superior strains of the politeness and attention of the latter.

The next piece, which succeeds the sketch of Dublin in the satirist, is " the prerogative of satire," which, I confess, is well calculated to answer the intention, or dispose the reader to peruse without antipathy these strokes of *just* satire, which ought, to have enriched your work. However had it been placed in the foremost part of the magazine, its situation would have been much more advantageous, provided some other followed well suited to the nature of such a production. But I fancy, gentlemen, it was not your wish to explain the prerogatives of satire, till you had executed your *very patriotic* sketch of Dublin. I must, also, make a strong exception to a part of a sentence in this second piece " elegantly criminal community." To bestow the name of elegance on criminality, was *condescending* to join many of our modern novellists in their sentimental flights, who condemn vice, while they reconcile us to the prac-

tise, by arranging it in the most tempting garb, a mode of writing, which you, gentlemen, with every justice seem to disapprove yet on this occasion so *consistently* adopt. Your fragment entitled " Nelson's pillar," as yet seems a piece of *useless* wit. To walk in the Mall, or in any place of public resort, considered, abstractedly, is not a crime. Irregular conduct only during the excursion can merit censure. I must also take the liberty, gentlemen, of refusing my belief to the note attached to this fragment, which says, " it was copied from the Crow-quill hand of a lady." Had it said, of a trivial writing gentleman, of your *secret committee*, it would be nearer the truth: else why treat a lady who had obligingly sent you her labours with *Crow-quill* rudeness.

" The invisible spy" is a moral, and in every respect a becoming performance.

As to " the promenade," the language alone supports its merit. The subject, by being already handled under the title of " Nelson's pillar," acquires the insipidity of sameness, rendered still more nauseous by the striking inaptitude of the subject for *dignified* satire. We may walk, even on a Sunday, without a breach of religious duty, especially as the spirit of insanity does not incite us to become the flag-dancers you have so agreeably dreamed of. In

this piece, also, the male and female inhabitants of Dublin may discover the degree of candour, justice, and liberality of the prejudiced writer, towards themselves, to illustrate which, I shall quote a few of his remarks, and as the whole piece is a continued strain of irony, so the construction to be drawn from thence must of course be opposite to the meaning of the words. " Many of them are *models of symmetry*, who, by a disinterested exhibition, contribute to the beauty of the scene. But their principal claim to popular gratitude is that *praise-worthy contempt of public decency*, which serves at once to keep *Demireps in countenance*, and *discourage* the bashfulness natural to the timid virgin."

" As for the gentlemen, who compose part of this moving picture, the *vacancy of their aspect and the insipidity of their stare*, are sufficiently declarative of their ideas of self-importance."

" It may be *safely* inferred, that from *their superiority of intellect*, they derive considerable acquisitions of knowledge in the grand science of physiognomy." In short the whole piece was formed to ridicule the people of this kingdom, and to think they would encourage a work, so impertinently offered to their inspection, was symptomatic of the greatest impudence, vani-

ty, and want of judgment, qualities *so very compatible* with the character of censors.

I now come to the piece, called " the duellists," which, I freely admit, displays much merit. The subject is commendable, the passages affecting, and the language elegant. Had all the other parts of the Satirist supported its dignity as well as this, " the invisible spy," and " the prerogative of satire," its circulation would be noticed, by every well meaning member of society, with a devout pleasure. But the harvest of its sale is now at an end.

Your " Hibernian Lycæum Society," I allow is as humorously told as fiction and injustice could warrant. Your subject, however, is so ill-chosen, that nothing less than an *unrestrainable* desire to ridicule every thing *Irish* and *undirmine all their laudable institutions*, could tempt you to adopt it. A debating society is a school not a senate.—We cannot therefore expect to hear equal eloquence in both. Though I had never the pleasure of hearing the attempts of my juvenile countryman in Back-Lane; yet I am confident your picture of the scene that happened there on the 6th of October, is completely caricature. Your *short, dry, insidious* compliments paid to a few Irish orators, at the beginning of the piece, *neither palliate* the disrespectful manner, with which ye treat

a few young gentlemen, who assembled there for the mere purpose of improving themselves, nor qualify it for the relish of Irishmen. Irish eloquence has been often very *inconvenient* to English statesmen.

Your egotist, in which ye pretend to draw an historical summary of Mr. Moore, whose proofs of genius and knowledge have been admired *by the whole empire*, are perceptibly the effusions of *envy and spleen, combined with* ——— *prejudice. Defamatory anecdotes, or abusive names*, will not annull an author's title to fame. Condemnation should only follow an *impartial* trial.—Would the malignant passions allow ye, on the present occasion, to observe this maxim of common justice.—How also have the other two inoffensive gentlemen, mentioned at the end of the piece, merrited your uncivil puns. Indeed, gentlemen, ye have wielded the rod of censure with *so much judgment and integrity*, that ye have *undoubtedly* established a fair character for all those, who have become the subject of your animadversions. As to dignity I shall upbraid ye with the want of it no more. It seems to have fled from your pens, as the man of virtue would shun the *Hypocrite*. "Your venus of—— street," cannot be distinguished under this title, no more, than a *secret committee*, under the name of an *unsuspecting caioled* bookseller. Your caution, however, in not even mentioning the

street she resides in, betrays a consciousness of having *far outstept* the modesty of truth, most probably to indulge some *private* spleen, or *your rage for indiscriminate* slander.

Your remarks on the commemoration of Carolan are so cruel, and uncharitable as must excite the detestation of every body, endued with the feelings of humanity. Ye confess the noble principles, upon which the Irish Harp society was founded, but, immediately after, ye betray the *insidious* nature of your praise, by the indiscriminate ridicule of members, secretary, steward, performers, company, and scene altogether. I must, however, except the two noblemen who appeared on the occasion, and to whom *alone* ye paid the necessary respect. Even the harmless old harper, whom ye contemptibly call "venerable *Paddy* Quin," and again, "a Leveller," could not escape the scurrility of your licentious pen. Alas! poor Carolan! whose vigorous genius burst into action through all the impediments of illiteracy, even his ashes, with *plebean* wantonness, ye have endeavoured to scatter. An institution exists only through its members and their official exertions: consequently, he that attacks either, aims a deadly blow at the institution itself; and I have *no doubt*, gentlemen, of your *ardent wishes* to deprive the *Paddy*'s of every estab-

lishment contributing to their improvement. If ye can compass your plans, ye will, doubtless have the consolation of beholding the *estated Paddy*'s, all spending their incomes in England, and the rest of the *Paddy*'s degenerated into petty shop-keepers, petty dealers, petty tradesmen, farmers, soldiers, and sailors too ignorant to be troublesome with their national complaints, yet numerous enough to render their fertile plains a granary of provisions, and, may I use the expression, of brave warriors for England. Doubtless, with the view of wiping off the apprehended odium, and hiding the design of your *commendable* attack, ye alledge, that the vanity of a few individuals was the cause. Then why burlesque the whole scene of the meeting, or why not level your ridicule at the *few*, whose vanity provoked you, on some *more proper* occasion. Could the blind and desolate children they are mantaining, and fitting to provide for themselves, express what they would feel, if your conduct was but explained to them, how bitter would be their reproaches. Depend upon it, gentlemen, there is not a person, male or female, whom ye have abused, or ridiculed on that occasion, but despises your paltry attempts, nor need ye hug each other *in secret committee*, for your capability of both ridiculing, and blindfolding, at the same time, the *ignorant* Irish. A consciousness of acting up to the principles of humanity, creates much more agreeable sen-

sations, than I imagine pervade your *conscientious* bosoms. But I shall quote a few of the passages of your piece; " and demonstrative of the gratitude due to the *Hibernian orpheus*, whose praises have *sanctioned and promoted the pleasures of intoxication.* But even a nobler motive than the celebration of a *drunken* harper's fame." &c.; " and on this occasion numbers attracted by the novelty, or *better* motives, hastened to hear the *venerable Paddy* Quin, the antiquity of whose melody inspired the *descendants of the Milesians with enthusiasm.*"

Indeed, gentlemen, I am confident ye do not belong to this race, who with all their *contemptible ignorance*, are capable of penetrating into your ill-covered designs.

" Several ridiculous incidents occurred during the concert, &c. " might have dispelled any gloomy doubt of the Irish harp society, had not the secretary most injudiciously displayed a new *green* coat."

Pray, gentlemen, upon what principles do you brand the Irish harp society with disloyalty? I am glad, however, to perceive, in the succeeding passages of the same paragraph, that ye do not seem to consider the maxim of " *divide et impera*," an unerring principle for the government of this kingdom.

" As they listened to the dialect strains of Gra-ma-chree, and Ellen-a-Roon."

After some degree of praise bestown on these tunes in the beginning of the piece, and the ridicule ironically thrown on them towards the end, pray, gentlemen, who can depend upon your *scraps* of panegyric ?

" It is much to be regretted, that the melody of the Irish harp, as called forth by the *sharp nails* of Paddy Quin."

In this ill-natured flight of wit, ye are also pleased to perform a miracle, by conferring a voice, as the word " called" signifies, upon the sharp nails of the minstrel. You have already attempted to cast disloyalty on the society, because Mr. Trotter wore a coat of a fashionable colour at their meeting, and in concluding the piece, to impress your opinion the more, ye obliquely brand the demonstrations of loyalty, used at the time, with the character of hypocrisy. I am certain, indeed, that loyalty will be your choice *only* while it suits your interest. Were it possible to increase the disgust which the preceding parts of your Satirist have excited, your " Literary Phenomenon," would doubtless produce that effect. I am very fond indeed of judging by your own words, and therefore they shall opon the scene.

" We cannot conceal *our anticipation* of the amusement we expect from this *great* work ;" " let us not be accused of venality, while we mention, as a literary phenomenon, a work we have never read." To condemn a work by anticipation before ye have read it! From the large catalogue of verbal invention, I could not borrow a name black enough for such a barefaced exposure of the malevolent passions. But by quoting a little more, we shall discover the *unmuddied* source of such flowing critique : " and he has now a fine opportunity to prove his satirical powers to the very extent of Pill-Lane fish-market vocabulary. What a glorious field for vituperative declamation. Even the figurative abuse of a C—n would scarcely be sufficiently expressive of the national disapprobation of the late lord Clare, and the other friends of the union. That nobleman and Mr. Pitt have retired to the undiscovered co untry, and Sir J—h may now censure them with impunity."

It is plain, gentlemen, the *secret* memoirs of the union is a dish, whose *novelty* is not likely to entice your palates. It is now in smoaking readiness for being served, and perhaps the rising savour has not produced an agreeable effect upon your olifactory organs. As it has the name of being a *juicy* dish, propably in the carving it ye may be foully bespattered, whether ye sit at the *head, the foot, or middle of the table.* But I

must have recourse again to quotations, for I dearly love their assistance.

When we further reflect he is *an Irishman*, and not only a compatriot and a judge, how shall we be able to restrain our enthusiasm, and forbear exclaiming * * * * Thus, with all the eloquent signification of pops, does this ironical sentence conclude, and thus your ironical compliment to the people of this kingdom compleatly authorizes my opinion of *yours*. So gentlemen, ye cannot repress your burst of prejudice, and forbear exclaiming, that this gentleman's work, *because he is an Irishman*, will be most ridiculously executed, or in other words, replete with falshood, Irish vanity and blunders. If these are not the *just* and *true* inferences of your kite-tailed sentence, I shall leave to all those, who have forced themselves to read the whole of your offensive production. Indeed, the people of Ireland, or *Erin*, as ye scornfully call it, ought to be ever thankfull for the *compliments* you have paid their understanding, talents, and knowledge, and even to their university, institutions, amusements, customs, and manners. Sir Jonah Barrington, himself, ought to be particularly pleased for your apprehensions, *as anti-unionists* which will undoubtedly establish the merits of his *secret* memoirs, and increase the sale. Truly your fears seem to con-

tain somewhat of the *noble*. Perhaps, gentlemen, ye have acquired titles *more undeservedly*, than even Sir John Stephenson, whose *professional merit, doubtless because he is an Irishman*, has also provoked your wit. Indeed, ye have given *sincere* proofs, that the unworthy are always flinging their crimes in the faces of others, to prove which I shall finish my remarks on this piece, with the sentiment ye have chosen for its conclusion.

"A Satirist might be tempted to assert, that the author had calculated on success, by becoming the cater of human malevolence."

In your piece, entitled, "the musical world," the reader is induced, by the first paragraph, to think ye are deviating from your interwit ested mode of writing, and levelling your against the misapplied use of power, in confering titles, but sliding with your usual art, from the object, which should *alone* engage your censure, you pounce with hawk-like voracity upon Sir John Stevenson. Ye began, I suppose, to forget, that he was the receiver, *not the giver*. I wish I could cast a peep at you gentlemen, *in secret committee*, that I might discover whether there are any titles among you; if so, I am convinced, they have *happily* descended to *merit*, or been obtained with a *good conscience*. Sir John Stevenson has been justly distinguished as

a musical author, but ye view him, *only as an Irishman*, pursuing his profession *in this kingdom*, against whose inhabitants you are so evidently p epossed. You call him contemptuously the Orpheus of Erin, and Erin is marked by Italicks, no doubt, to signifiy the insignificancy of the country where he has acquired so much eclat. But to convince you of your ignorance of the fame of Irish music, I shall inform you, even that of Carolan, much as ye seem to despise his memory, has long since reached the musical sons of Italy, where, for its peculiar stile of softness, it is much admired.

I am not displeased with your piece, entitled "Curious Phenomena, or a grand display of wonders of nature and art."

In the next, however, which is directed to "the patrons of the fine arts," we meet with a renovated attack on poor, simple, harmless Quin, now earning an honest livelihood in his old age, whose years alone should command both pity and respect, whose delightful music gave every satisfaction to a most respectable audience, even he again is introduced by the title of "venerable Paddy," nor is the whole band of the Irish Harp Society forgotten.

In that entitled, "periodical insanity in Kilkenny," methinks, you use a kind of *querulous*

stile, and so *very forcible*, also, I cannot but *sympathetically* agree with you that the gentlemen of Ireland ought to have no public amusements in their native country, but have recourse to England for such enjoyments to the increase of absentees, the greater drain of the wealth of Ireland, *but the proportionable profit of England.* In your piece, entitled "thunder and lightning," ye undoubtedly *rival in every respect signior Beelzebub*, in that of your "curious phenomena," particularly by your miraculous conversion of the members of the Hibernian Lycæum society, into a congregation of Taylors. Perhaps their future acquisitions in Taylors Hall, will yet enable them to point the needle of wit to the *great inquietude of you, gentlemen, in secret committee.*

Your repeated attacks on Mr. Jones, I consider obselete and useless: besides they are very *ill-timed.* Even when your magazine first appeared, his theatre was not opened, and by every account, he was then preparing it at great expense. Superficial observers should know, that the cause of the *rapid sale* of the "Familiar Epistles," was an inattention on his part to public gratification. His change of conduct, since that period, renders *unseasonable* critique upon his conduct as Manager, *insipid and dull.* Let him meet reproof *only* when he offers *new*

and just cause, but let not faults be found merely for an excuse to scribble.

I think, also, the foregoing remarks apply in a great measure to the theatre of Peter-street. I now come to the last and *only* part of your work "the Review of Literature," which wears the semblance of critical justice towards Irish merit. Here you open the trial of the "Ida of Athens" before the tribunal of criticism, but here again appears the serpens in gramine, approaching with its ratling terrors to devour Irish merit. The most leading defects of the novel, are *most emphatically* dwelt on, while with the exception of one passage, which ye evidently introduce with your usual art for the purpose of covering your main design, you scrutinize none of its merits. Ye say, she has pilfered the sentiments of Eloisa to Abelard, which at once reminds the reader of the inimitable Pope who was the author: but though his poem is as glowing and extravagant a picture of female passion as was ever invented, yet who ever accused that gentleman with "having caught the inspiration of wantoness." Who ever pronounced him "the pander to imbecile opulence," or called him "the cater to the vitiated taste of his high-born friends." Such is the language ye have used to a virtuous, well behaved, respectable girl!—But by an *Irish* young lady, whose education and critical knowledge is not nearly equal to Mr. Pope's, the

same fault committed only in a few passages through four volumes of prose, was *unpardonable.* Mr. Pope, indeed, was much condemned, and justly too, by all the moral persons of both sexes; but who ever thought of dubbing him with incapability as a n author, or imposing everlasting silence on his pen, which is evidently your design with respect to Miss Owenson. What writings are free from faults? In your ill-judged production, I could point out several errors even in the sense of the language, though I shall do ye justice to say, the stile is not inelegant. What Irishman who has acquired publicity by his talents has escaped your slanderous pen? What institution adapted to improve the mind, refine the manners, encourage merit, or dispense the welcome reliefs of charity have you omitted to ridicule. Our public amusements offend you, nay, our recreative walks in the Mall. Have ye not with imp-like satire attempted to ridicule into future cessation the annual amusements on the Kilkenny theatre, whose profits were wholly devoted to charitable purposes. Then charity that noblest quality of the human heart, even charity has not escaped your malice. Every thing which stands in the way of your designs is your object for destruction, and Irish vice and virtue fall undistinguished beneath your political slaughter. If ye have fulfilled the duties of moral censors, why do ye evade public notice,

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and communicate, even with your editor, *only through a secretary;* yes, gentlemen, a man, who never denied he was secretary to a secret society, alias a *secret committee.* But I suppose your *excessive modesty* disposes ye to shun the gaze of the admiring multitude. Stupid, however, and contemptible as ye deem the Irish, your apprehensions are *evident*, that they possess *discernment* to judge, and *courage* to chastise *assuming insolence.*

"Hence home ye idle creatures, get ye home."

HIBERNICUS.

FINIS.